

Collection of
very short stories

Mercy killing



He woke up terrified, then rubbed his eyes slowly and heavily. He must have been dreaming, but he didn't remember what he saw well, as if he had seen nothing. His hair came from nothing and was going to nothing. He remembered all the many years of suffering he had gone through: the apartment lease threatening eviction, bills piling up that hadn't been paid like a solid building on the table in front of him, the manager's sharp tones, his repeated insults, and his disregard for his activity in his work because he had exposed the corrupt conspiracies in the company. His mother who had died before his eyes while he stood there unable to do anything about the exorbitant costs of the operation. He lit a cigarette and exhaled smoke in the air, then pursed his lips forward indifferently. He felt like another addition to the line of miserable, wretched people, and indifferently, while pursed his lips, he went to the bathroom, washed up, then went to the room, opened his closet, put on his brown suit, and adjusted his tie. He took a quick look in the mirror, then quickly descended the stairs to the street. In the midst of

the crowd of pedestrians and cars, a huge truck came speeding by, as if he had an appointment with it, he stopped firmly in front of her, people suddenly gathered at the sound of a collision, standing in amazement in front of the lying body, covered in blood.

He is abandoning



He was a master among his people, a leader of his clan and tribe. He was their leader. Wherever he went, they went, and wherever he pointed, they headed. He was always blessed, and in his shadow they followed and He was a pious and righteous man, walked. religious and they used to pray behind him. It reached the point that when he performed ablution, they would take the remains of his ablution water and wash with it, and they would swallow his saliva, if he spat a drop of it into a cup or

vessel. He was a blessed man who established for them a solid and valuable foundation and a straight path by which they would be guided. And for many years they remained guided on his path. One day, the great leader fell seriously ill and was in his last moments. They were all around him, crying and wailing. His illness had been prolonged and its duration was long, and they felt that they were waiting without hope. Then he whispered to his assistant and right-hand man to give him a pen and paper so he could reveal a dangerous secret and uncover a matter that had been hidden. The man jumped up like a raging, terrified lion and ordered them all to leave, scattering from around him, saying to them: He is abandoning himself. Leave him alone.

dark side



I grabbed the pen and paper determinedly:
"I will not remain silent any longer. I will write to her
everything she did to me."
The words poured out: blame, indignation, anger, then
flattery, then pity, then mockery... a raging wave that never
stopped.
She finished the letter, put it in an envelope, and slipped
into her room.
The mother was asleep, she looked at her with reproachful
and angry looks, put the letter under her pillow and left.
In the morning she woke up to crying and screaming:
Mother died of a heart attack.
On the night of the funeral, I sneaked into the room and
found the letter as it was sealed.
I kidnapped her, hid her in a desk drawer and locked it with
the key... forever.

The guide told him



He was a true believer, a name that lived up to his name, and he was truly embodied as faith should be. He always attended religious lessons and was consistent in his prayers, even the Sunnah prayers. He was pious and devout, but this did not mean that he was a coward who feared, nor was he brave, God forbid. Rather, he feared that a painful torment would touch him or that a blazing fire would burn him on an unknown day, but he was completely confident that it was a day that would inevitably come. He was raised on this and everyone around him confirmed it to him and from his early childhood they taught him this, in the mosque, in the church, in the temple, at home, in school, in the street, in the neighborhood, in the city and even the whole country, they all agreed and they

all told him this on TV, in the newspaper and everywhere they said and said a lot and a lot. Then they found him stabbed in the back while he was prostrating in prayer and his wife and children were around him like torn corpses. They wondered about the reasons, he used to spend most of his business and money and give charity and zakat and everyone knew until thieves sneaked into his house one night to steal while he was prostrating in prayer after he recited and said you will not attain righteousness until you spend from what you love.

Honor



He sat angrily among the broken furniture, shouting and threatening her, reminding her that she was "his property," that he was her guardian, commanding her to obey, or else painful torment awaited her. Then he slammed the door

behind him.
She crept towards the window, feeling her bruises, and
raised her face to the sky:
"O Lord, honor my husband as you have honored me...
Make his testimony half my testimony, and his inheritance
half my inheritance, as high as I suffer.
Make me a guardian over him, I protect him as he
protected me, I am jealous of him from the streets, and I
protect him like a hidden jewel.
He allowed me to marry four men, choose whomever I
wanted from them, and divorce whomever I didn't want...
"I exchange one husband for another, O Lord... Amen."

Why am I here??!!!



He woke up suddenly after midnight and started looking around as if he was delirious, wondering where I was? Why? What and how? Was I dreaming? No. It must have been the incubus. He felt its heavy breaths hovering around him and landing violently and harshly on his chest, then he said to himself, it must be the incubus, it is sleep paralysis. He got out of bed with heavy steps. He found the glass of water next to the bed. He grabbed it and took two or three sips, then put it back in its place and went to the reception room. Everything was in its place: the chairs, the sofa, the dining table, the vase in the middle of the small table. He walked towards the window and opened it. He saw the street quiet and the window filtered by the pale silver moonlight filtering through the rustling leaves of the bushes planted on both sides of the sidewalk. Everything

passed before him quickly: his birth. He was the seventh son of a poor family that cursed his existence since the first day of his birth, then his marriage, his disputes, his divorce, his two sons who died in an accident, work, the manager, corruption, bribes, tyranny, poverty, high prices, the repeated crimes in the newspapers, television, and social media: rape, thefts. The incubus came back to oppress his breath, but this time it was... Waking up, he went to his room to continue sleeping, wondering why he was here. He remembered that he had never received an answer to his question, so he went back to sleep again.

Annoyances



She fell on the couch like a tree uprooted and falling to the ground, all its fruits had fallen and its leaves were scattered here and there, withered and yellowed all over them. She threw her head back as if she was throwing this head away from her. Enough of his torment, enough of his thinking. He was about to explode, wondering, analyzing, imagining, assuming, predicting, deducing. Enough of her. She saw everything around her, small and insignificant, emptiness within emptiness, as if she were a gelatinous creature swimming in an eternal mirage. She took out a small box from her bag and emptied it into the glass of water in front of her. She threw it inside her, screamed loudly, then fell to the ground, a lifeless corpse, and next to her was a small bottle labeled “A very deadly and poisonous insecticide.”

awakening



In the midst of the crowd and the jostling of feet and the sounds of words scattered here and there, full of supplications, prayers and entreaties mixed with scattered sounds and murmurs, he felt himself moving inside this box. He raised his hands and his toes moved and he felt his breath suffocating. He found his face covered with a white cloth, and his whole body wrapped in this large, wide cloth around his naked body, and everyone was cheering and glorifying God. They opened the box. They considered what had happened a miracle. They said he was a righteous saint. He was a skilled doctor, confident in his work, and a believer in science. However, he believed in his sacred beliefs and their sanctities. He sat thinking deeply. He rejected everything they had said and boasted about about miracles and saints, that he was a man of science. It was a medical error. It was a diabetic coma that had lasted too long, so they thought he was dead.

Research, read, analyze, and conclude. He tried to connect, even with a thin thread, what he believed and sanctified and what he learned and became certain of

through experience and scientific research. He found nothing but two parallel lines that never intersected. Each one was in a different direction, but he continued to research, analyze, conclude, doubt, and revisit all of his previous calculations and beliefs.

lifebuoy



thatIt's like anorexia, but towards the world. Even if she overcame everything that hurt her, she was no longer the same. Something inside her was shattered. Signs of worry appeared on her sad face. She sat waiting for the train at the station. The train of life passed her by. It stopped at many stations, mysterious and suspicious stations, every time she waited for the train, it was late, it never arrived on

time, not even once, it always blew its whistle and took her to nowhere, she was here to suffer, nothing else. She waited in the waiting hall for a long time and she was still waiting for the last train, she didn't know where she was going, maybe the train would take her to the last station, and the train arrived, but she hesitated to get on it. The last train started moving. She still had a few moments to make a decision, should she take the last train or wait until the new train comes in the morning of a new day? She felt her breathing becoming heavy and the two parties were fighting among themselves, each party pulling her towards it in a blatant and stubborn challenge. She decided to settle the dispute between the two parties and ran quickly towards the last train before it moved. She realized that the morning train would not bring a new morning, life is a dirty joke.

Trust



He kept walking, bewildered, holding it in his hands, contemplating the passersby, the houses, and the trees.

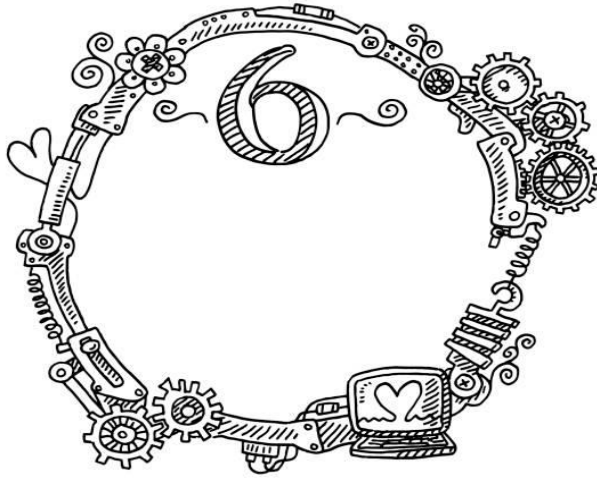
He walked a few steps, then stopped, wondering: What should I do with it? Should I throw it into the long river? Or offer it to a passerby? He took it to deserts, mountains, and valleys, but storms met him and stones pelted him, as if all of nature rejected what he carried. He raised his eyes to the sky, seeking a ray of hope, but it rained angrily, and the ground beneath his feet heated as if it was rejecting him. A passerby saw him, approached him, and offered to carry it for him, and he agreed without hesitation. From that moment on, it no longer surprised anyone that man was unjust and ignorant.

Fingerprints



He was a quiet, polite young man, who regularly attended religious lessons, listening to the sheikh as he glorified the Creator and pointed out His marvelous creation in the universe, speaking of the clear fingerprints that even the blind could not deny. The young man was silent for a long time, but he read, thought and researched. He learned that fingerprints can only be proven by scientific evidence, careful analysis and modern equipment. He shouted in the face of what they had taught him, declared his rebellion and rejection. The next day, they found him lying on the side of the road, with traces of beatings and slaps on his body. After thorough medical examinations, they found the fingerprints clearly imprinted on his body... and identified the perpetrator.

The Sixth Pier



He established his principles one by one, making them five fixed and fundamental pillars through which everything is completed and faith is strengthened: at home, at work, in the neighborhood, and in the state. He built a system that extends from grandchildren to grandchildren. He established it with effort and toil until all people were obedient to him, sanctifying him as if he were the most superior of human beings. With time, questions began to arise: How? Why? When? And from where? Questions multiplied endlessly. These signs and questions kept him awake and embittered his life. He felt danger lurking around him, but his followers decided to settle the matter: They devised a sixth pillar, one that would fill the gaps, shut mouths, and kill thought. The heart found peace, the mind slept, and faith grew stronger until it was unshakable.

gallows



She was a prominent woman, the director of a feminist association that defended women's rights. Every day, she called for freedom and equality. She wrote in the magazine, responded to women's letters, exposed and cursed patriarchy. She refused to marry after bitter experiences, choosing only herself and her ideas. One sleepless night, she saw them: the men who had harmed women, this drunken reveler, that deceitful exploiter, the other despicable lustful man, one after the other dangling from thick gallows, ropes wrapped around their necks, their severed limbs wrapped around them as punishment. She woke up nervously, and the next day she issued a new law, even harsher than the previous one.

contradictions



He was born screaming and crying out for help from the
unknown, but they rejoiced at his birth and celebrated.
He died after a long, tormented life, but he smiled on his
deathbed because he would have nothing, and they cried
and mourned.

She got married, they sang and danced, while she
wondered about her fate.

She got divorced, she was happy and breathed a sigh of
relief, the doors of success were opened for her, but they
kept blaming him.

He fell ill, they wished him well and that he would come
back to life, and when he recovered they rejoiced and
cheered.

A few months later he died... but he died in good health.

Abu Sawah's Grave



and killedBoth teams each loudly and confidently assert that they are the sole rightful owner of the rightful place for the blessed grave and this great and noble heritage of his holy person.

Each one of them kept shouting that he was the only one who had the right to the blessed grave, the grave of the greatest and pure saint, the revered intercessor. They filed reports to the police, sought help from the officials, and stood in the way of road workers who wanted to pave the road. But the surprise came when a new gravestone, with the same name, appeared in another village. The people were angry and stopped the work. Engineers moved from village to village, and everywhere they found the same grave of the same saint. Voices rose, the clerics of every village shouting: Death is beyond this grave. And so the graves continued to multiply, the roads remained unpaved, and curses threatened anyone who dared to touch their holy book that they would be at the lowest of the low until an unknown day called the Day of Judgment

In parentheses



The three brothers quarreled until they filled the world with screaming and protest. They exchanged insults and curses, each one mocking the other's thinking and describing it as naive and decadent. Newspapers and media outlets reported on their dispute. The masses were divided: one group for this, and another for that. Each party had its own supporters and alleged noble goals. A young historian came to write the history of the venerable family and was amazed by their hatred for each other despite the fact that they were brothers. He asked the sheikh of the neighborhood about the secret of his laughter, but he didn't answer. When the eldest brother, who had never married, died, his party became the more widespread, while his two brothers continued their business activities in secret. The two remaining parties remained enemies forever.

bullying



The herald rode his donkey while beating his drum. He hung a carrot from the end of his long stick and tied it to a rope. He kept hitting the donkey, and the donkey quickened its pace with enthusiasm and energy. The herald kept riding the donkey while it was wandering around the city. When the donkey slowed down and became sluggish, he hit it severely with the stick. The carrot kept dancing before his eyes and it ran faster. The herald stopped in the middle of the city calling. A large crowd of believers gathered around him. He reminded them that he is the spokesman for their Master and their greatest Owner, the Hidden One, the Exalted above what they describe. He commanded them to avoid the prohibitions, follow the commands, and submit in obedience to their Master. He tempted them with the rewards that they would enjoy if they avoided the prohibitions, followed the

commands, and offered sacrifices so that their Master would be pleased with them. Then he threatened and warned them, reminding them of the punishment, the everlasting torment, and Hell for whoever disobeyed, denied, or asked about something that he would equal if he appeared to him, or searched. The gathering of believers dispersed from around him, and the donkey continued to run quickly under the weight of the stick, and the slaughter continued to dance before him, for he to attain it on a day that would never come

intercession



She committed all the sins and did everything that angered Him and everything that provoked His wrath upon her. She disobeyed the orders but did not stop sinning, but she trusted that His mercy encompassed

everything and that He is more compassionate than a mother to her child, even if He threatened them with eternal torment and even if He promised her all kinds of wrath in her life, but on one condition: that heads bow to Him daily, submissive and humiliated. And that no one share this with Him. He offered them indulgences as an intermediary if they loved Him more than themselves and their families. Then he too erred and committed all the sins, confident that he will find someone present to rush to his aid whenever he erred and will gain his approval if he loves him and sanctifies him, purifying him from every deficiency. He will be a barrier between him and infinite wrath, and heads and foreheads bowed in submission every day and night, even to the bottom, to the Supreme Self. Here is the Supreme Self, here is the mediator, and here are the heads bowing, humiliating themselves, submitting. The next day the heads err and steal, or perhaps kill, bribe, lie, deceive, sin, commit major sins, but they return and humble themselves, weep, bow, and foreheads lowered in humility and supplication.

Circus



Amidst the crowd, the sounds of applause rose and from their mouths came the sounds of argument and wrestling. The three monkeys sat on the platform. Each monkey prepared to present his first show. He wore a black hat and had two interlocking triangles, each opposite to the other. The second wore a huge, high hat, carrying a large cross in his hand, while the third monkey wrapped a white turban around his head and drew a crescent and a star on his chest. Each monkey wrestled with the other, pulling his tail and biting his fingers. Each of them made a great effort to present a distinctive show with which he would capture his audience. Each audience applauded warmly for the monkey who sided with his show and preferred it over the other. The three monkeys quarreled and fought among themselves. Each of them wanted his show to be the best. Each of them said, "I am the most correct, I am the best, I am the most honest." The first was the holy chosen one of

the masses, the second presented the crucified show and hammered nails into his hand, and the third carried a sword stained with blood, with which he terrorized the masses and subdued them forcibly and fearfully for them to remain in his show. He killed most of them. When the show ended and the curtain fell, the bananas were in the hands of the three monkeys, dividing them, and the blood between them. The feet of the crowds fighting among themselves and screaming and cursing rising from their mouths.

The leader



He reached that village, it was a small village, most of its inhabitants were illiterate except for a rare few who were hungry, poor and sick, but he convinced them that he was able to unite them, heal their diseases and make them the most superior on the condition that they respond to him, for he had powerful talismans and spiritual readings, and mysterious heavenly calls came to him from a revelation revealed to him alone, above all of them. So they believed him and responded to him. And when he fled to the cave, gritting his teeth and sweating profusely, his premonitions appeared to him, and then he would make a decision and transform them into the orders and prohibitions of the authority! He would rush to him warning them of the wrath and anger of the heavenly beings, then he invaded the

neighboring villages and seized a lot of spoils, and they did so until they dominated the wilderness, and with him was his right-hand man, Al-Warraq, who used to bring him news of the ancients and legends of others and conceal them from him until he made for them a holy book that they would seek blessings from and whose rituals they would worship.

snail



They stood at the top of the mountain, waiting for the Hidden One. Generation after generation, they had never seen him. They worshipped him out of fear and greed, and they prayed. They opened his ancient books, which bore only obscure incantations. They tried to smell, taste, touch.

In vain. One turned to another and asked, "Who is it that demands communication from us, then makes his connection with the medium, the medium's medium, and then blames us for blindness?" Far below, in the distant plain, the spiral spiral passed a rock, then turned back, leaving behind a sticky thread that made them slip every time they walked over it, only to repeat the process again. It passed without anyone waiting at the summit noticing or seeing it.

May God bless you



Every time he heard that sentence, he laughed bitterly. He wondered, is pride a gift borrowed from illusion? Is pride and dignity derived from imagination? What pride are they talking about and with what illusion are they boasting? He listened to the words, pondering their meanings. He searched hard for the source of this lofty status and where it is derived from? But he did not find anything. He collided with a wall of illusion. He saw pride hanging on an imaginary wall. He knocked with his hands, feeling the wall. He found nothing but emptiness and emptiness. He wondered, where is it? He looked in the mirror without fear, he realized that he was hanging a medal of high honor and distinction, but it was an honor and status made of illusion and hung on a high wall of imagination. Where is the high status and pride? He searched for it and found it in the remains of sayings, tales, legends and magic spells that touched his chest, feeling for the medal of pride and high status, but he found nothing but emptiness, nothingness.

He turned to his cat that jumped into his arms, freed from every shackle. He looked around its neck and found no shackles or medal of merit. He found it free and unleashed, knowing what to do and where to go. He decided to free himself from the medal of pride and high status and ran freely with his cat.

Last call



The connection was cut off suddenly. He didn't hear a sound, not even a whisper. Since his birth, he was told that there was an ancient connection centuries ago and it ended, but he always wondered, why didn't I see this connection and communication or its confirmation? And why does someone else see it, hear it, communicate, and then be placed in the highest place? Without making the effort I did? Why is it that he demands blind trust without evidence from me, and not from others? He wanted to see as others saw in the past, and communicate as they communicated? But there was no clear answer. Why them and not me? And why did the connection and communication cut off when I came? Who needed it to be cut off suddenly? And from the crisis of silence, he sent many emails hoping to be faster and easier in communication, but no one answered him. Complete silence, a void swimming in nothingness. He searched satellite images and all technological means hoping to obtain even a word or a letter or even a whisper or a

resemblance of an image or a shadow of an image of him,
but his attempts were in vain. Why? Because it was the
last connection and then the silence after that? He realized
that he had to make an excuse; perhaps he was
embarrassed to appear in this age of technology or hated
it. Therefore, he preferred to communicate in secret, away
from our eyes that might hurt his pride and greatness.
Perhaps he was introverted or busy.

Holy Bond



She married him years ago and had children with him, both boys and girls. She brought him gifts on his birthday and celebrated it together. He brought her gifts on her birthday and they celebrated it together. She swore to him that she would be faithful to the solemn covenant between them, and he swore to her that he would be faithful to the same covenant forever. He promised her that they would spend another honeymoon after he returned from a business trip. When she learned of his death, her tears flooded the floor around her. One day, quick knocks came at her door, and when she opened the door, she found herself in front of him. It was his second wife who came to demand her right to the inheritance, along with her son, as he was planning to marry a third and fourth wife after having multiple relationships with them and with others. But death preceded him, so she remained and came to demand her right and the right of her son from him. The solemn covenant wrapped around her neck and she suffocated.

lust



Her order to wear modest clothes, cover her hair and lengthen the sleeves of her jilbab, the hem of the jilbab so long that it covered her feet, she was ordered to do that, she stood in front of him, or under him, or perhaps behind him or beside him, she did not know where?! They say that he is somewhere, so wherever she turns her face, he calls for help. Others say that he is up above in a distant, distant place beyond awareness! Perhaps he does not like to mingle with the creations of his own hands, or perhaps he is an introvert who is bothered by people's chatter and their problems. He must be busy with important and great works to meet their needs and care for them. I was suddenly amazed! They are dying of hunger, they are oppressed, they are wronged, they are killed unjustly, they are raped. Children are dying of disease or poverty. I was even more amazed! If he is busy with us, then why all this neglect and widespread corruption? I wondered, is there anything that preoccupies him? Surely it will be more important to him

than this daily life nonsense. Then she heard the voice on the loudspeaker calling and shouting his name. She went to him, raised her hand and began to answer the call. But she stopped, wondering why I was alone in my room wearing this and wrapping myself with two blankets? I wondered if I aroused his desire? Wouldn't he see me if I were covered with a hundred blankets? Wasn't he the most knowledgeable about me? Would he have a desire? Or perhaps he would have a fleeting whim if he saw my body or strands of my hair. She realized that she might be this arousing! To the point of arousing him specifically! Then she didn't find an answer to her question. She raised her hand and answered the call, but the question was still lingering on her lips

Sleep is better than prayer



He was lost in his dreams. A few hours ago, maybe three hours or less, but he had fallen asleep. He suddenly woke up to the same repeated voice every night, shouting and calling. He woke up, his heart beating fast. He went to the living room, turned on the TV, and watched a medical program in which the guest, the doctor, confirmed that this call is a call calling for happiness, a call for a healthy heart and a healthy body. If you answer it, you will be healthy and well. If you answer the call, something like magic will happen to your body. This will only happen if you answer the call and wake up from your deep sleep. He yawned again and said angrily, "Certainly, my body was designed from the beginning with high quality to protect me from the need to answer this daily call. Otherwise, the defect is in the design, perhaps it is not that precise and high quality. But the forehead curved to the ground and the rear raised

upwards are the only solution. What a solution! He realized that the most extreme states of humiliation are health itself, and not for another goal. Since the goal is noble, he felt reassured. He went to complete his sleep, confident that with time he would most likely achieve progress that would preserve his body, heart and brain health without the need to lower his forehead to the ground!

His Eminence



The accused stood behind bars. The judge sentenced him to many years in prison. The prosecutor pleaded and demanded the most severe punishment for him, even if he stole to feed his hungry children. The thief had carried out the devil's whispers. The hall was filled with the murmur of those present. The devil was sitting among them, seeing them but they did not see him. The devil laughed mockingly when he heard the judge say, after hearing the opinion of His Eminence the Mufti. Ah, it is His Eminence! His Eminence is the one delegated to reprimand the sinners, the unbelieving and the unrighteous. He is the one who reminds them of faith and of God to keep them away from the path of the devil. But there is a partnership that has been

concluded from the beginning of time between the devil and His Eminence! At first, the devil rejected the partnership and tried to evade it. Then he was forced to do it. If it weren't for the devil, His Eminence would not have found work. If it weren't for the devil, His Eminence would not have collected donations of money to purify souls from sins and obsessions and build houses of worship. If it weren't for the devil, the sinners would not have felt the purity of His Eminence. If it weren't for him, they would not have rushed to His Eminence from every direction, placing precious gifts and donations before him. Huge sums of money would have been offered to him from the channels to remind people of the devils' whispers before it was too late. The devil stood up from among the attendees, waving his hand to His Eminence. His Eminence smiled at him.

They both share in the virtue.

Humanity



Everyone chanted her name and filled the universe with slogans praising her. After that, newspapers, radio stations and social media wrote daily about crimes of murder, kidnapping, theft, rape, betrayal between brothers, spouses and relatives. Destruction spread and covered the earth, and they still chant her name and call out. But the good side was suddenly overwhelmed by evil. Why? Because of social and environmental conditions and problems. So he killed and stole. He hated and took revenge and everything changed, from one extreme to the other, and the chanting of his name continues. When she saw the animal, she realized that it wouldn't steal even if billions were placed in front of it. It wouldn't be tempted by them. It doesn't hold a grudge, kill, take revenge, lie, deceive or evade. It doesn't need money or papers to prove its identity to the state. She saw the bird swimming freely in space, not tempted by

grudges, revenge or money. She saw the animal preying only to find food because it couldn't find a living creature, a superman, that could find food without predation. She stood and shouted in front of everyone, praising every noble act, saying: What animalism!

The most hated of permissible



They persuaded her forcefully or insistently that she must stay with him. There are common interests and she has children, a boy or a girl, or both, who need this partnership. She told them that she was in constant conflict, she lived and lives in strife, living in torment and problems. Insults, beatings, swearing, betrayal, deception, in front of her one face and behind her back another. They show her to others as deficient, negligent, neglected and hateful without her knowing it. They forced her to continue. The children grew up, they were amazed! They wondered: How? Why? And until when? But she continued and remained the same, so that others would not gossip about her. They told her that she would become a suspicious outcast. Her friend, the young bride, asked her a year after their honeymoon: I feel a creeping anxiety. He has started to change, and disagreements have started to arise between us, but they advised me

not to do so. She asked her to guide her to the right path. She answered her, saying: Your continuing with him is the most hated of permissible things.

Cleanliness is part of faith



The phrase was written on the back of their school notebooks. The students read it every day. They said it in the morning assembly. The teacher explained it to them, said it, and emphasized it. They heard it, understood it, and understood it from a young age. Take a shower because cleanliness is part of faith. The students wrote it in their essays. The teacher tested them on it over and over again. The father said and the mother said. The whole house teaches them that they are believers and that cleanliness is a sign of them. Adorn yourself at every mosque, school, and street. The imam of the mosque says in his Friday sermon that cleanliness is a sign of faith. Every religious man said cleanliness is a sign of the believer. The Sheikh and the Imam of the mosque exchanged sermons every Friday. They talked about

the importance of prayer and its signs. Their marks were on their faces from the effects of prostration. The beards of the Sheikh and the Imam of the mosque grew long. The believers followed them and applied the correct Sunnah. Then they grew their beards and prolonged their prostration. They all stood close together during prayer because it was the Sunnah. The mosque was filled with insects that lived in the beards of the believers. The insects jumped here and there between those standing behind the Imam. The infection was transmitted from the effect of prostration on the forehead. The worshippers scratched their skin, their foreheads and hands stuck to the floor, and under the trampling of feet, the insects scattered, and the infection spread among the .believers

Original version



The faces multiplied, the sayings multiplied. The sheikh said, "This is the real picture." Another scholar replied, "Rather, I have the real picture." A third challenged them and spoke with knowledge, reconciling it with faith. They reconciled after a long rift. Then he said, confidently, "Rather, this is the truth. I have it. It is a certainty." Another and another said, and another and another replied, each of them confirmed that he had the whole truth. Each of them said that he possessed the real picture and the correct face. They disagreed among themselves, their voices rose, the contradictions increased and turned into attacks, then punches. They quarreled. The picture faded, its features blended with each other. Then the picture disappeared

Subordination



She was the leader in her family, ruling, managing and running things. She was the one giving orders and everyone would obey her. Everyone would rush to serve her if she asked, but she was the one in control of everything, so she would go out herself to do her own errands and buy her needs. Everyone depended on her for everything. All our goals were achieved and she accomplished everything she aspired to. She led herself. She would never depend on them. Then she grew old and advanced in years. They began to lead her whenever she needed them. They apologized, were late, and were lazy. They left her waiting and waiting. She lived alone and kept

away from her. Each of them had his own life, but from time to time they would determine for her what she should and should not do, when and how to do it. All she had to do was wait. They began to lead her to the street, down the stairs, get in the car, go to the doctor's office, to the bathroom door. Until they led .her to the grave

The dungeon



She locked herself inside the prison for a long time, living within its walls, her eyes got used to the pitch darkness until she saw it as the true light, seeing nothing but it and not wanting to see anything but it. She believed and prayed, then her faith and prayer increased, she never committed a sin that would anger Him one day, she rejected any door to sin, or that's what she called it, she prevented herself and deprived herself of everything beautiful in order to please Him, she loved torment and misery to please Him until she fell ill and became demented. He entered and opened the door forcefully, he was a scholar and a doctor, he brought her medicine and treatment. She was cured of her illness. He asked her to go out, but she backed down and refused adamantly. She said that the door is now wide open, it

makes me make mistakes and sin without realizing it. She was sure that the door would close suddenly and without warning, and then it will be the end where there is no escape. Then time will end, she told him that with certainty. He walked towards the door, pulled it open, threw it away, then pulled her by the hand. She went out into the sunlight, breathed air, saw life with her own eyes, and realized it. She looked behind her but did not find the door, nor did she see any .trace of the place she had been inside

right arm



He was planning and whispering, then he plotted and embellished desires and lusts until everyone fell into his trap. Then they began to curse him and throw him away while seeking forgiveness, they announced their regret and repentance. But he came back once again and embellished their ambitions for them and practiced the hobby of seduction. They fell into his plot time and time again, they regretted and cried again and again, until his companion became fed up with the situation and said to him, From today on, you are my opponent, you are my mortal enemy. I am good and you are evil, I am virtue and you are vice. You disobeyed me from the beginning, then you drowned them in disobedience and whims. Those of them who tire you from this moment are the lost ones, and those who reject you and distance you are my faithful followers. But he continued to whisper and set traps and plots. He did not care. He continued in his

stubbornness and did not care. Because he was confident that both of them were enemies. Its owner is the one who manages and directs matters. He is the one who allows, rules and controls, and every matter .is by his will and with his complete desire